



Mysty river and blind waterman.



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Chapter 1 by TheLastFreeman

Michael left his house in the woods. Owls sitting on the roof, and the cuckoo sang a song night. It was time to go down to the river and see if John does not sailed. In the dim dim space above the river could be seen not no lights.

Chapter 2 by Luke Meyers



The woods were thick and dark. Michael plodded down the well-worn path, dragging his lame foot as he struggled for every step. He checked the revolver again, then again. You've got to be sure.

Crunching gave way to squelching as he reached the muddy river bank. The mists were almost as thick as the trees, but he could see the boatman's dim light several dozen yards upstream. He fished the duck call out from the pocket of his woolen overcoat and put it to his lips, blowing three sharp reports.

In response, Michael heard the play of oars against water, and the light began to draw closer. Swallowing the stone in his gut, Michael gripped the gun in his pocket and waited.

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